The Wonderful Fairies of the Sun

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By

Ernest Vincent Wright

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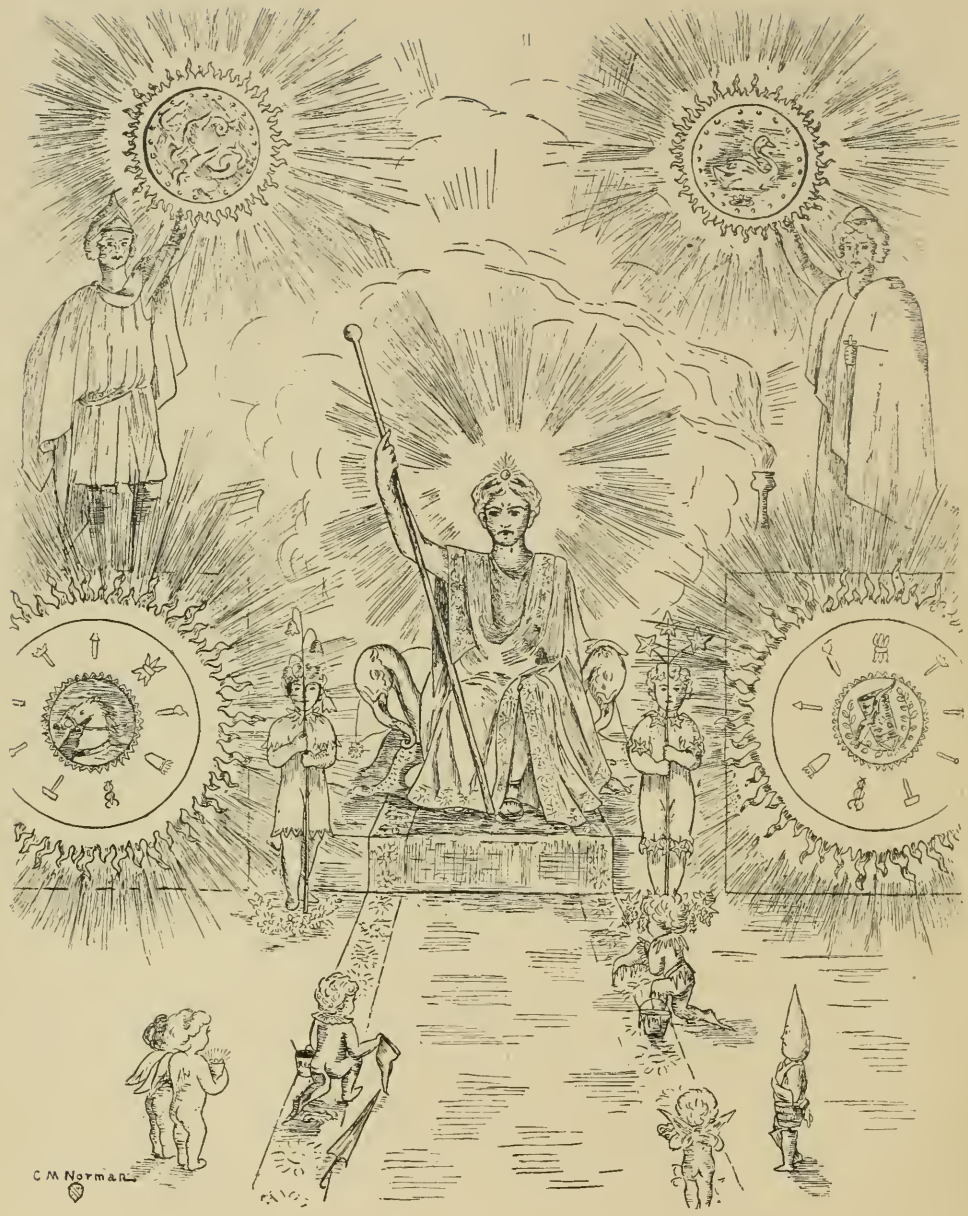
THE WONDERFUL FAIRIES OF THE SUN



"And all of the Fairies, both rich and poor,
Are welcome within its door."

THE

WONDERFUL FAIRIES

OF

THE SUN

BY

ERNEST VINCENT WRIGHT

Illustrations

BY CORA M. NORMAN

JUL 28 1896
42807,3-1

BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS
1896

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University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

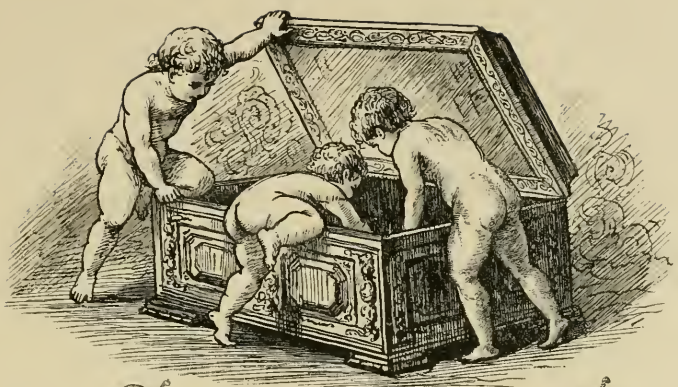
79-128005

PREFACE.

THE subject of Fairies as a basis for children's stories is by no means a new one. From time immemorial writers of fiction have resorted to their characteristic magical achievements, either as an embellishment to rational stories, or devoting a volume entirely to them. But all fairy tales heretofore have borne a similarity of style, seemingly limited by the customary manner of introducing them into the fables. Generally, human beings, such as Kings, Princesses, or children, are made the leading characters, with the fairies as occasional participants in the unfolding of the fable's wonders.

In "The Wonderful Fairies of the Sun" the elves are given exclusive prominence, with human beings brought in only when necessary to carry out an idea of surroundings. The subjects dealt with are manifestly well known to children, and it is hoped that many pleasant thoughts in connection with the workings of Nature may be derived from this volume, wherein the fairy bands appear in a new field of action, portrayed in simple verse of easy metre, but at the same time avoiding the conventional "jingle."

THE AUTHOR.



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THE

WONDERFUL FAIRIES OF THE SUN.

AGES ago, when the World was new,
Dame Nature discovered, one day,
That she could n't take care of it all alone,
And sent out her heralds to say
That some one was needed to help with the work,
Some Goblins, Gnomes, Spirits, or Elves;
And the very next day, at her office door,
The Fairies presented themselves.

They said they were workmen of every trade;
And they knew, if she 'd let them but try,
That they could become quite a help to her
On the Earth, or around in the Sky.
They were willing to work, though most Fairies are not
(Preferring to dance, play, and sing),—
So she hired the Band; then they all cast a vote
And elected the Sun for their King.

The King then explained what there was to do:
One tribe must attend to the Snow;
Another must govern the Clouds, Winds, and Rain;
And some one must stay down below,
Bring dreams to the children, help Santa Claus work,
Take care of the World in the night,
Sprinkle frost on the ground, teach the birds how to sing,—
In fact, keep the Earth clean and bright.

The Fairies all listened with joy unconfined,
Well pleased to get something to do;
Then each of the tribes chose a branch of the work,
And promised to carry it through.
Two superintendents, called Daytime and Night,
Were appointed to show them the way;
And one or the other is always around
Wherever Dame Nature holds sway;

Then off they all scattered, each tribe to their work;
And even to-day we can see
How well these wee Fairies have kept to their word;
What helpers we 've found them to be:
If it was n't for Fairies the World would be dark,
And people unhappy and sad;
But they light up the World with their beautiful works,
And keep us all merry and glad.

"So, calling his chariot every morn,
Through the regions of space he 's whirled."

THE FAIRY KING AND QUEEN.

THE Sun is the King of the Fairy Realms,
And a Monarch we all know well;
So let us gaze high o'er the skies and see
Where this King and his courtiers dwell.
'T is a beautiful palace of solid gold,
With jewels and jems galore;
And all of the Fairies, both rich and poor,
Are welcome within its door.

He works very hard for a Royal King,
For there always appears to be
A legion of things to be done each day
That no one can do but he.
So, calling his chariot every morn,
Through the regions of space he 's whirled,
With a thousand bright Sunbeams to wait on him
On his journey around the world.

When taking this trip, he is always dressed
In an armor of shining gold;
And he carries a sword made of rays of light,
Which he uses, so I am told,

To punch through the clouds when a storm is o'er,
In order that he may see
If the Raindrops have finished their work and left
All things as they ought to be.

His throne is a glorious blaze of light;
And round on all sides there stand
Hundreds of Elves as ambassadors
From each separate Fairy Band.
But close to the throne his advisers sit,—
Four fellows well known to all:
They are General Winter, Lieutenant Spring,
Sir Summer, and Captain Fall.

When this Sun King returns from his ride each night,
He sits on his throne in state;
While his servants light up the sunset clouds
Till the Stars at his palace gate
Bring warning that Night is drawing nigh,
And Daylight has nearly fled;
Then he kisses the mountain-tops "good-night,"
And leisurely goes to bed.

But when he's asleep, who rules the world?
Who *could*, pray, except the Moon?
For she is the Queen of the Midnight Skies,
As he is the King of the Noon.

"In a crescent-shaped silver boat."

She does n't dash round in chariot grand,
But rather prefers to float
Serenely around in the cool night air,
In a crescent-shaped silver boat.

The stars are her bright-eyed messengers,
Who leave the King's Palace gate
To follow the Queen throughout the night;
And eagerly do they wait
To be sent on an errand down to the Earth,
Or some planet across the sky:
So she calls them all Comets or Shooting Stars,
From the way that they rush and fly.

THE RAINDROP ELVES.

WAY up above the clouds and sky,
Too far to see with mortal eye,
There lives another Fairy Band
Well known to all, on sea or land.
We 'll call this tribe the Raindrop Elves
(For that is what they call themselves),
But, doing work unlike the rest,
Of course they 're differently dressed.
For, washing trees and scrubbing grass,
Or making pebbles shine like glass,
While pails and brushes lie around
With wet rags scattered over the ground,
Calls for a special style of suits, —
For overalls and rubber boots.
So, dressed like this they wait until
The Wind-God whistles long and shrill;
Which means that at their city gate
A half a dozen clouds await
To take them to the world below
As soon as they 're prepared to go.
Each Elf his big valise has packed,
Which on the cloud is piled and stacked;

Then, climbing high upon the pile,
All hands float downward mile by mile.
As, steadily, swiftly down they go,
The clouds, which once were white as snow,
Get blackened from the many feet;
And, when a counter wind they meet,
The shifting, tumbling piles of bags
Soon tear the clouds in shreds and rags;
For rain-clouds are not often white,
And do not fly at any height.
When near the Earth these clouds arrive,
Half of the drops with spring and dive
Jump off; and dropping down through space
They start out on a lively race,
Each hurrying down for all he 's worth,
To be the first to reach the Earth.
Some land in trees, roll up their sleeves,
Wash off the bark, repaint the leaves,
And brighten up the fruit or buds
By a generous dose of magic suds.
Then others light upon the ground
And straightway clean whate'er is found.
Some wash the flowers in a tub.
Some choose the roofs to clean and scrub;
And when they 've lots of roofs to do
They bring their children with them too,

"Some choose the roofs to clean and scrub."

"Which, pushed by the Wind-God, takes them home."

Who clean the house-top gutters out,
And always tumble down the spout.

. . . . . .

But, on the clouds that brought this rain,
A host of Raindrops still remain.
They stay there with their goods until
The cloud lands on a lofty hill;
Then stepping calmly off, they start
To carry out their special part.
They hunt up with their clever eyes
The springs where rills and brooklets rise,
And keep them clear and well filled up
With water from their magic cup.
They follow these little rills and brooks
Through open fields and shady nooks;
Then down the rivers wend their way,
To harbor, gulf, or open bay,
Until at last, bright, gay, and free,
They reach the mighty boundless sea.
The Drops who 've worked on roofs and trees,
Before long join themselves with these,
And send word that their work is done
To the King of the Fairy World, the Sun,
Who sends his chariots from the skies;
And up in the air these Raindrops rise
To a cloud as white as the ocean's foam,
Which, pushed by the Wind-God, takes them home.

"And the drivers, decked with sleigh-bells,
Wave a merry, bright 'good-bye.'"

THE SNOWFLAKES.

WHEN the Summer days grow shorter
And the Autumn holds its sway;
When the Flowers close up their houses,
And the Birds have moved away;
Then, up in the Polar regions
Where the towering icebergs rise,
Lots of little sleeping Fairies
Stretch and yawn, and open their eyes.

They 're the Sprites who drive the Snowflakes;
And on every hand, it seems,
Robes or jockey caps are scattered;
While their curious horseless teams,
Everywhere on clouds and icebergs,
Stand on end, or on their side,
In confusion, as they left them
From the previous Winter's ride.

When the North Wind comes and calls them,
All these Sprites rush here and there,
Setting up their scattered chariots,
Patching those that need repair;
Getting all things fixed and ready
For their drive through many a clime,
When Old Winter pops his head in,
Telling them it 's starting time.

"Lighting on the trees and house-tops,
Softly, gently, side by side."

Then the Aurora Borealis
Shoots bright flashes o'er the sky,
And the drivers, decked with sleigh-bells,
Wave a merry, bright "good-bye."
Now they're off! midst songs and cheering,
And the bells' sweet jingling notes, —
Off to beautify some country
With their pure white sparkling coats.

There are two far different classes
Of these Fairies of the Snow.
One class, perched on downy cushions,
Rest in comfort, driving slow;
Lighting on the trees and house-tops,
Softly, gently, side by side;
Some preferring lofty mountains,
Fields and pastures, broad and wide.

But the other class are swift ones!
Standing firmly on their seat
They come dashing down upon us
In the form of Hail and Sleet.
Never thinking where they're steering,
On they scamper, wild and rash,
Till they strike a tree or fence-post
And their chariot goes to smash!

"When, out of her home in a Star,
This beautiful goddess came riding."

THE RAINBOW FAIRY.

THERE once lived a beautiful Fairy,
Who floated around in the sky.
She was always inventing new wonders
To please or astonish the eye.
As soon as she finished one notion
She 'd start again, hunting around
All over the sky to discover
What new things there were to be found.

It happened one day to be raining,
When out of her home in a star
This beautiful Goddess came riding;
But had n't progressed very far
When she met an ambitious young Sunbeam;
And, resting a while on a wall,
She told him she 'd lately discovered
The greatest invention of all.

The Moon was this Goddess's workshop,
And up there they wended their flight.
Then she gave him a dozen small Raindrops
And asked him to shine them up bright.
He scrubbed and he rubbed, till he had them
So bright they were all of a glow;
And ere the good Fairy perceived it
He 'd shined up a hundred or so.

"And they stuck all those Raindrops together
In the form of a beautiful arch."

The Fairy was simply delighted,
And called in more Beams to his aid
Till at last, after hours of scrubbing,
A million bright drops they had made.
The Big Bear brought in the Big Dipper,
Having filled it with mucilage and starch;
And they stuck all those Raindrops together
In the form of a beautiful arch.

Then high in the heavens they hung it;
And the Earth, from a promise she 'd made,
Sent up hosts of artists to paint it
In every conceivable shade.
Each separate color was given
By a different child of the Earth,
And their richness and skill of their blending
Is a proof that they knew of its worth.

The violet and indigo colorings
Were sent by the Deep Rolling Seas,
The blue from the Lakes and the Rivers,
The green from the Grasses and Trees.
The Sunset sent red in abundance,
While out of the Desert's fierce heat
Came tintings of orange and yellow,
Which made the invention complete.

"Sent up hosts of artists to paint it
In every conceivable shade."

By this time the rain was most over,
And the Sun saw the beautiful bow,
And sent over thousands of Sunbeams
To light it and keep it aglow.
But the Fairy had fears that the colors
Might fade in such powerful light,
So she only displays it in showers,
When the Sun does n't shine very bright.

"High overhead, above the sky,
Their plans are drawn and laid."

THE CLOUD FAIRIES.

THERE 'S another band of Fairies
Who live high in the air,
Who never come down on the Earth,
But stay forever there.
They 're called "The Fairies of the Clouds,"
For all they have to do
Is make designs for different clouds
That please and puzzle you.

High overhead, above the sky
Their plans are drawn and laid,
And down on the Horizon's rim
The clouds are cut and made.
From there they 're sailed across the sky
In glorious array,
Until upon the farther side
They slowly fade away.

"In a monstrous foundry, where the Wind
A thousand forges blows."

Whene'er you see one tiny cloud
Alone in all the sky,
Just watch him close, and note his pranks
As he goes skipping by.
He 's slipped beneath the watchful eye
Of the cloud-despatching elf,
And tickled to death because he 's got
The whole sky to himself!

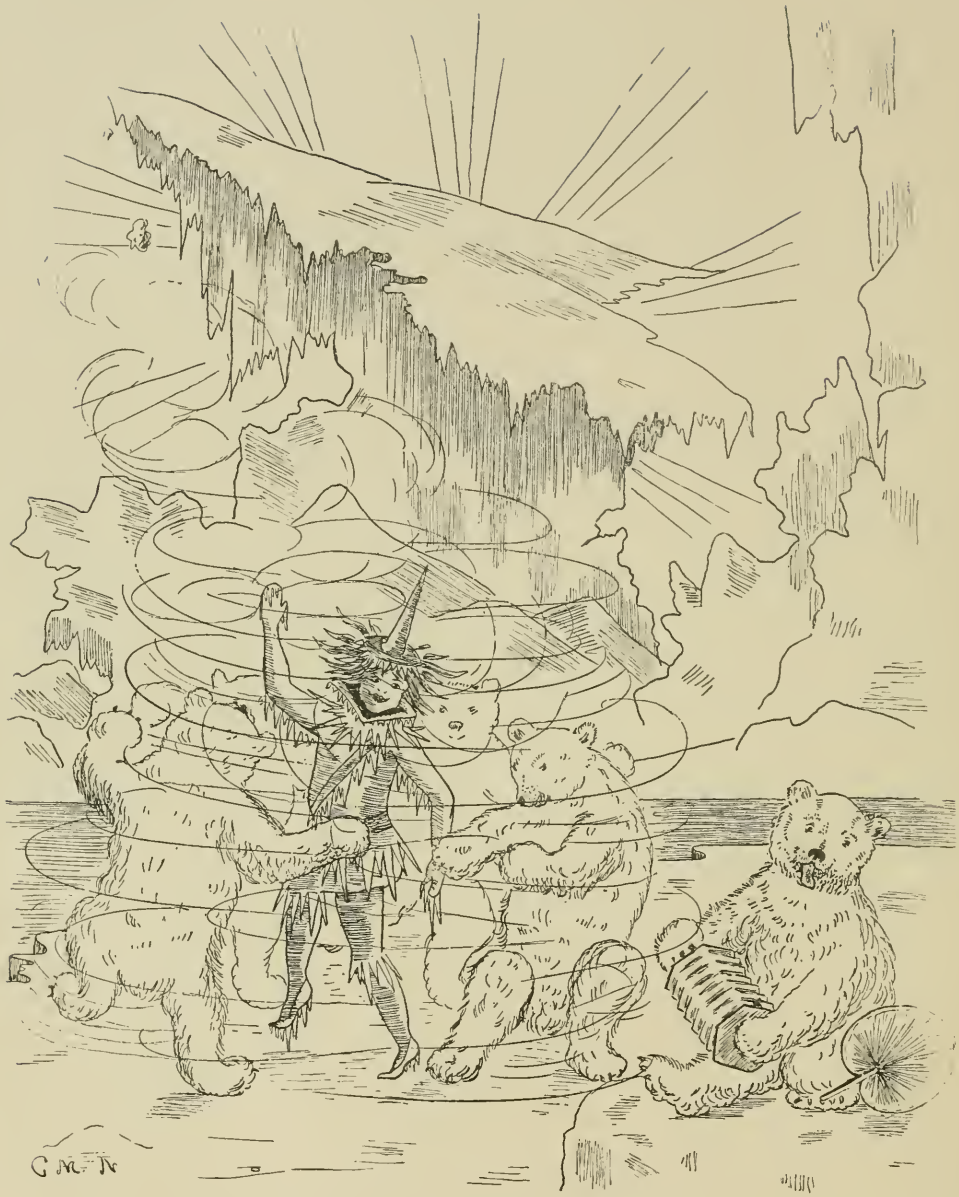
Those little fleecy clouds are made
By pretty Fairy girls,
Who love to have them soft and white,
And fringe their edge with curls.
Then, some are like huge balls of wool,
Or sheets of drifting snow,
That stretch before the Moon at night,
Who sets them all aglow.

Then there 's the frightful thunder-clouds!
The Fairy men make those
In a monstrous foundry, where the Wind
A thousand forges blows.
They fill these clouds with dynamite,
And the little Fairy boys
Explode them during thunder-storms
With a fearful flash and noise.

"In a magic-lantern held before
The slowly setting sun."

But these Fairies' Special Artist
  Has a studio by himself;
And you can rest assured he is
  A very busy elf:
For he paints all the sunset clouds
  In all their tints and rays,
And shows them off at eventide
  On pleasant summer days.

He paints them first on strips of glass,
  And holds them one by one
In a magic lantern held before
  The slowly setting sun.
And if you watch you 'll often see
  A scarlet change to blue,
Or a white to pink, which plainly proves
  That what I say is true.



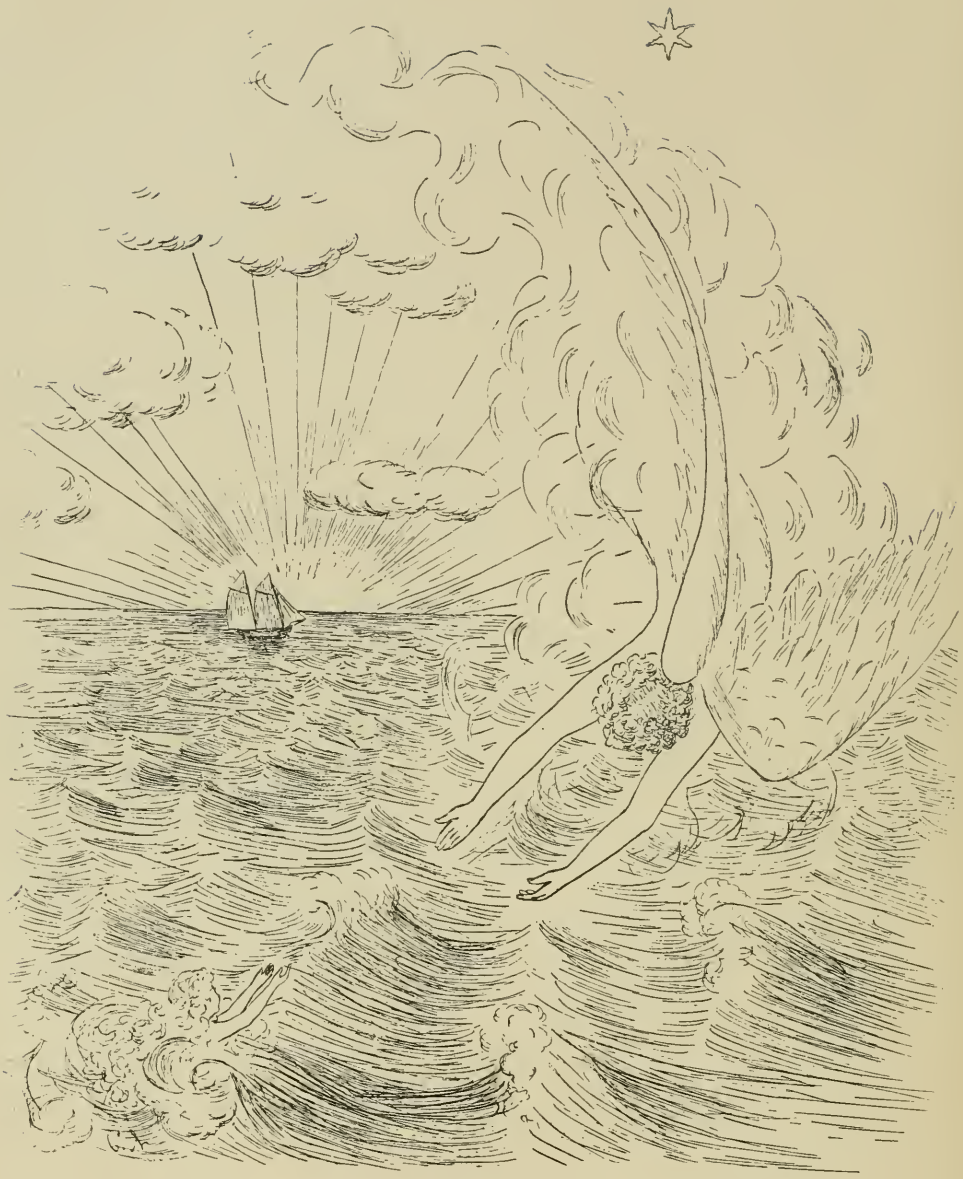
"He dances all day with the Polar Bears."

THE WIND FAIRIES.

WE now meet four Fairies unlike the Gnomes,
The Goblins, the Sprites, or Elves;
For all of those Fairies are found in tribes
Exclusive among themselves.
The Four Winds, however, have different tastes,
Preferring to live alone,
And roam o'er the Earth or the boundless skies
In a manner that's all their own.

Two boys and two girls form this strange quartet,
Who never were known to rest.
One boy is called North Wind, the other one East,
While the ladies are South and West.
They each have their home, though they're miles apart,
And each in a different clime;
But there always is one of them round our home,
Though never but one at a time.

Sir North is a blustering, hearty chap,
Always dressed in a suit of snow.
He spends all his time in the Arctic lands
With the reindeer and Esquimaux.
He dances all day with the Polar Bears,
And through the long frigid nights
He works at his bellows, that furnish the draft
For the high-blazing Northern Lights.

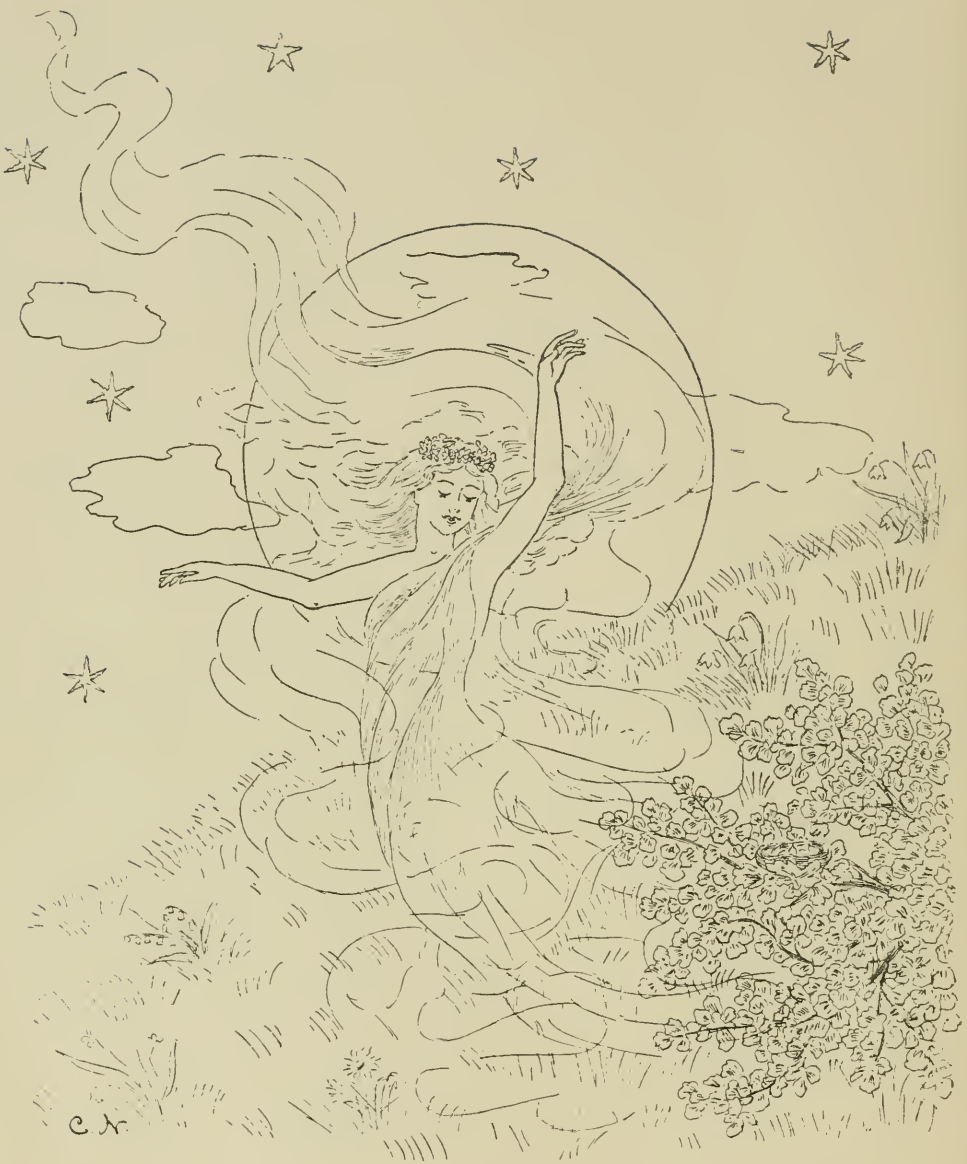


"He flirts with the Mermaids, he rocks their waves,
And sings them his weird love-song."

The other boy, East, loves the deep blue Sea,
And helps the great ships along.
He flirts with the Mermaids, he rocks their waves,
And sings them his weird love-song.
The only real work that he has to do
Is to sweep up the morning skies,
And put the small blinking stars to bed
When it 's time for the Sun to rise.

He stays at the beaches in summer time,
And keeps them both fresh and cool.
He rides on the backs of the plunging whales;
He chases the mackerel school.
He laughs when the roar of the breaking surf
On some rocky coast he hears;
And the squawk of the gull, so harsh to us,
Is music to this lad's ears.

Thus all the year round he roams abroad
O'er the billowy, bounding sea;
Knowing no bounds, no rules, no law,
But happy, content, and free.
He 's a fellow who loves to romp and play,
Who often has stormed and raved;
But, like other boys, I think you 'll find
He 's generally well-behaved.

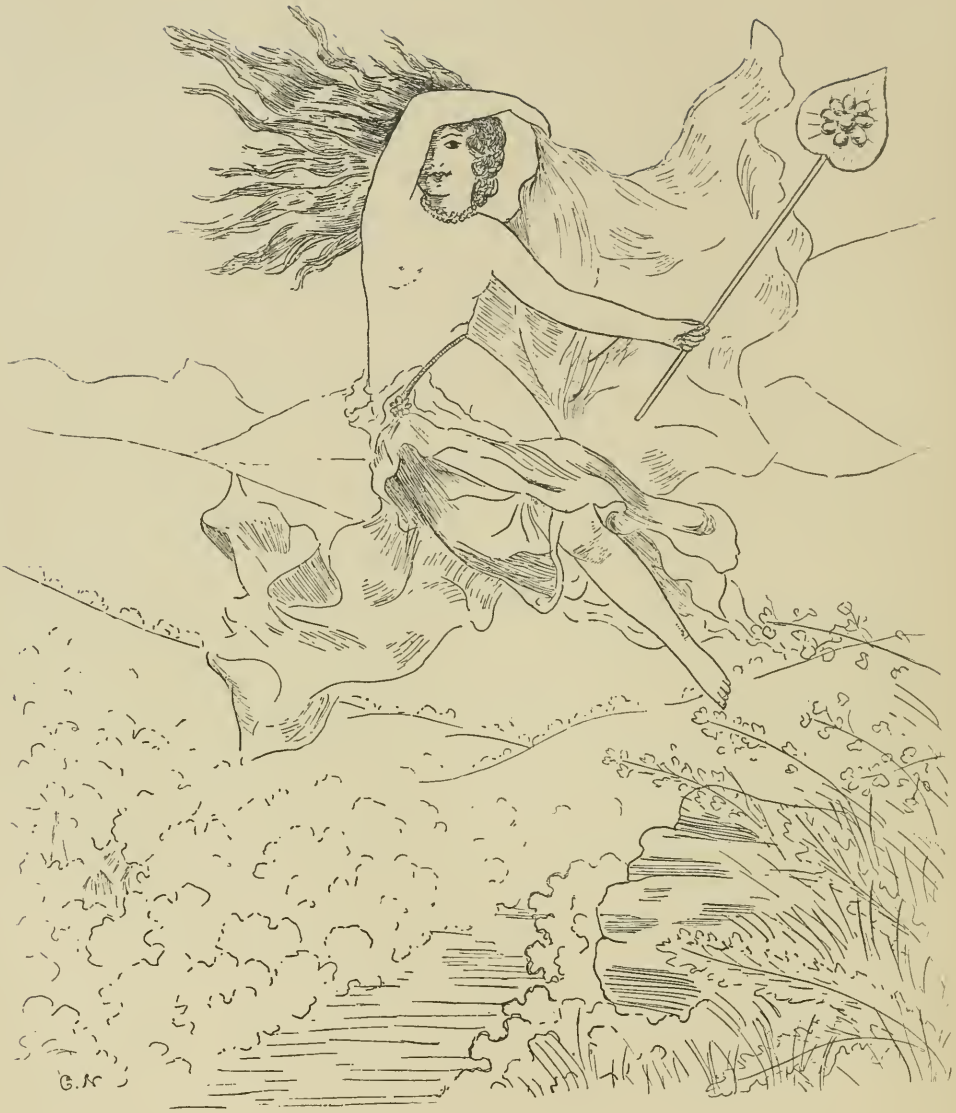


"Every one loves her, she 's so refined ;
So gentle, so light and neat."

The gentle South Wind is a maiden sweet,
The friend of young lovers true.
She peeps through their arbor on moon-lit nights,
And sings as they bill and coo.
And her song lulls the tree-top babes to sleep;
While the flowers all over the land,
Dream peacefully on, as they 're slowly swayed
By this Goddess's gentle hand.

Every one loves her, she 's so refined;—
So gentle, so light and neat.
She brings with her hundreds of singing birds,
And bundles of flowers sweet.
When she waves her wand o'er a northern clime
Where Winter has held his sway,
The cold, barren ground so long confined
Blooms forth into verdure gay.

Down where she lives, she likes to fly
O'er the coral reefs and isles,
Or wend her way through the tangled paths
Of the jungle's depths for miles.
There, while the monkeys jump and dance,
She follows some shaded path
To the rivers, to watch the elephants
Enjoying their noon-day bath.

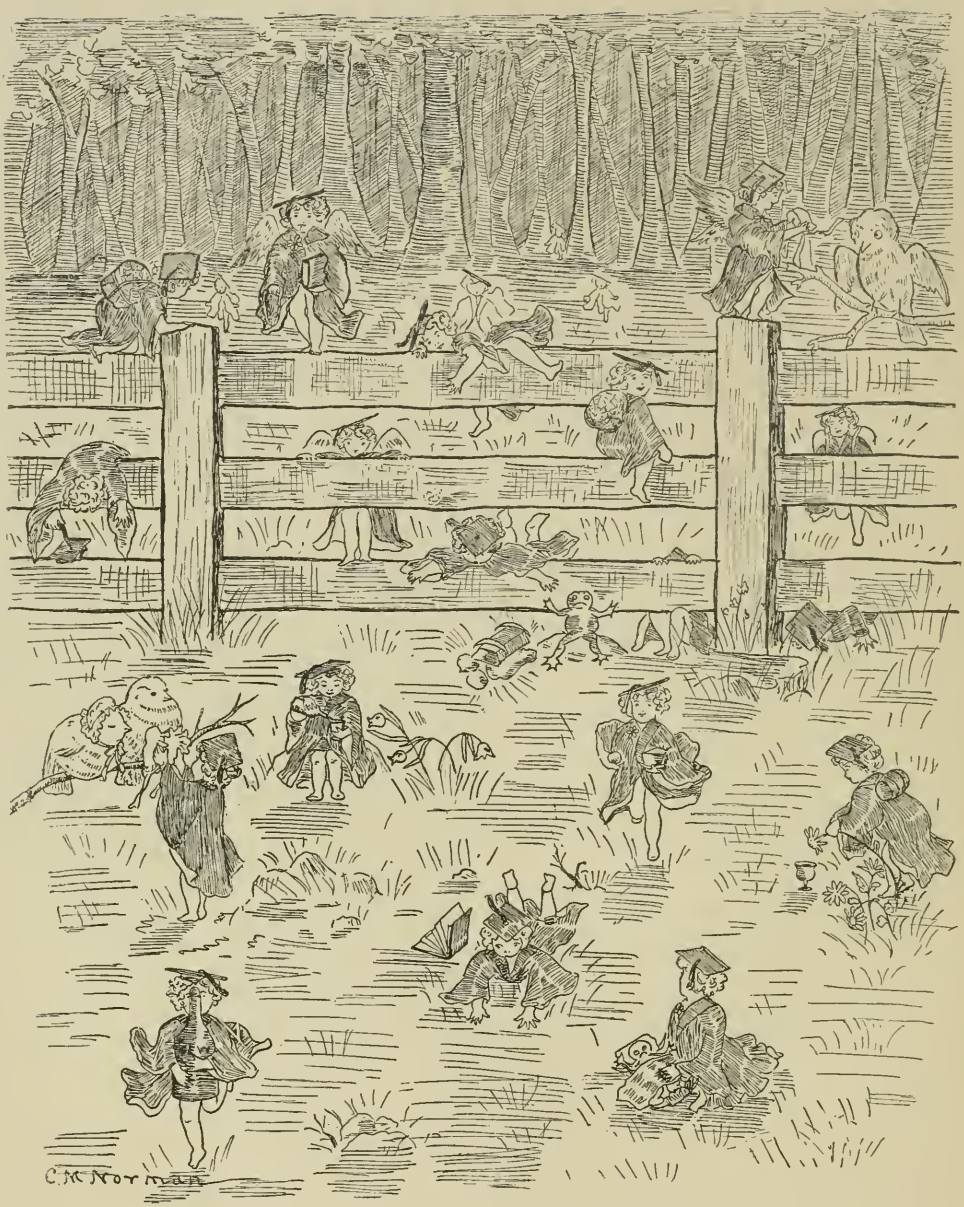


"She dresses in careless, tom-boy style,
Her cloak flapping here and there."

The West Wind is more of the tom-boy style.
She lives where the mountains rise.
She pushes the bright-hued clouds across
The beautiful sunset skies.
The journey that's taken by the Sun
Is always toward *her* domain,
And she's proud to display her country's charms,
Though rugged, or rough and plain.

She loves the great Prairies' broad expanse,
Where the antelopes graze and roam.
She fans the cook-fires round the door
Of the Indian's wigwam home.
She sleeps on the highest of mountain-peaks,
Where man yet has never trod, —
Where rocks stand erect instead of trees,
Where are ledges instead of sod.

She dresses in careless tom-boy style,
Her cloak flapping here and there,
With a raw-hide girdle around her waist
And a wealth of long flowing hair.
She eats the sweet clovers from river-banks,
She drinks from the bright cascades,
And certainly is the queen of all
Such happy-go-lucky maids.



"Some have bedding for the Insects,—
Gowns and nightcaps for the Birds."

THE FAIRIES OF THE NIGHT.

WHEN the world is calmly sleeping,
Through the quiet summer nights,
From the Forest's depths come creeping
Swarms of tiny Nymphs and Sprites.
Moving slowly, all on tip-toe,
At the Forest's edge they stay,
Till the last hues of the daylight
O'er the hill-tops fade away.

Then across the fields they scamper,
Each one carrying on his back
Various tools to do his work with,
Done up in a cobweb sack.
Some have bedding for the Insects,
Gowns and nightcaps for the Birds;
Monstrous music-books, containing
Lullabies that have no words.

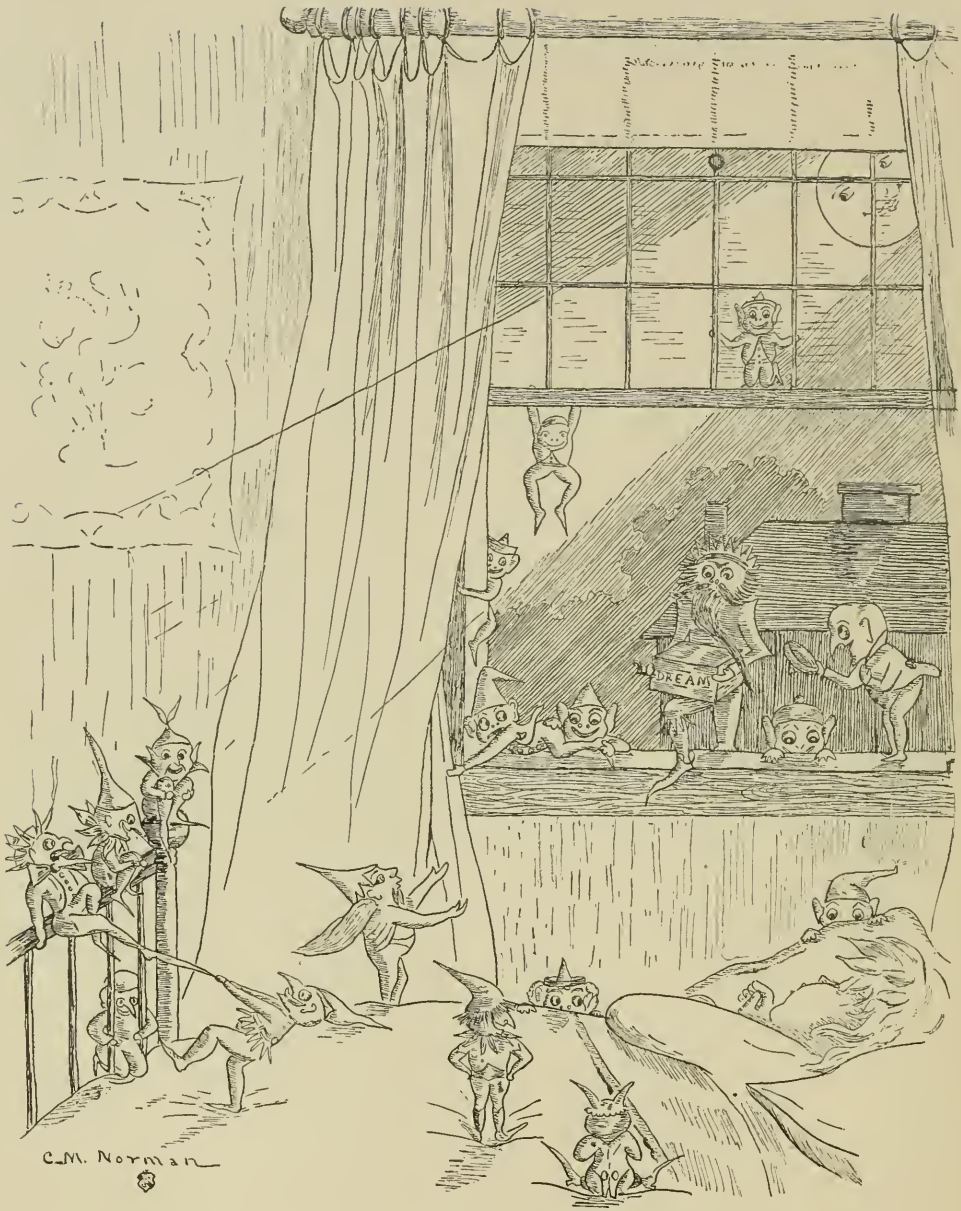
Others carry tiny cradles
For the little baby Toads;
While behind the rest come rushing
Many Gnomes with curious loads.
There are Barrels, Tanks, and Bottles
Filled with dew, clear to the brinks;
And these Gnomes, with silver goblets
Give the Flowers their evening drinks.

"Owls and Bats, with young Mosquitoes,
Mice and Fire-flies, dance and hop."

Now, when all this work is finished
And the whole World calmly dreams,
More Nymphs from the woods come skipping,
Heading for the Fields and Streams.
They 're a band of sweet musicians,
Rich in melody and song;
Hurrying to their wondrous concert,
That will last the whole night long.

In the hot June nights, this music
Through your chamber window floats,
Sounding now like rippling brooklets,
Then the Tree-toad's warbling notes.
From the grass a steady chorus, —
Buzzings, chirps, and croakings, — show
How this Fairy Band is playing,
Loud and fast, or soft and slow.

Though most all the world is sleeping,
There are some who hear them play,
Who prefer the quiet of Evening
To the light and noise of Day.
Owls and Bats, with young Mosquitoes,
Mice and Fire-flies, dance and hop,
Till the Sun, the King of Fairies,
Sends his rays to bid them stop.

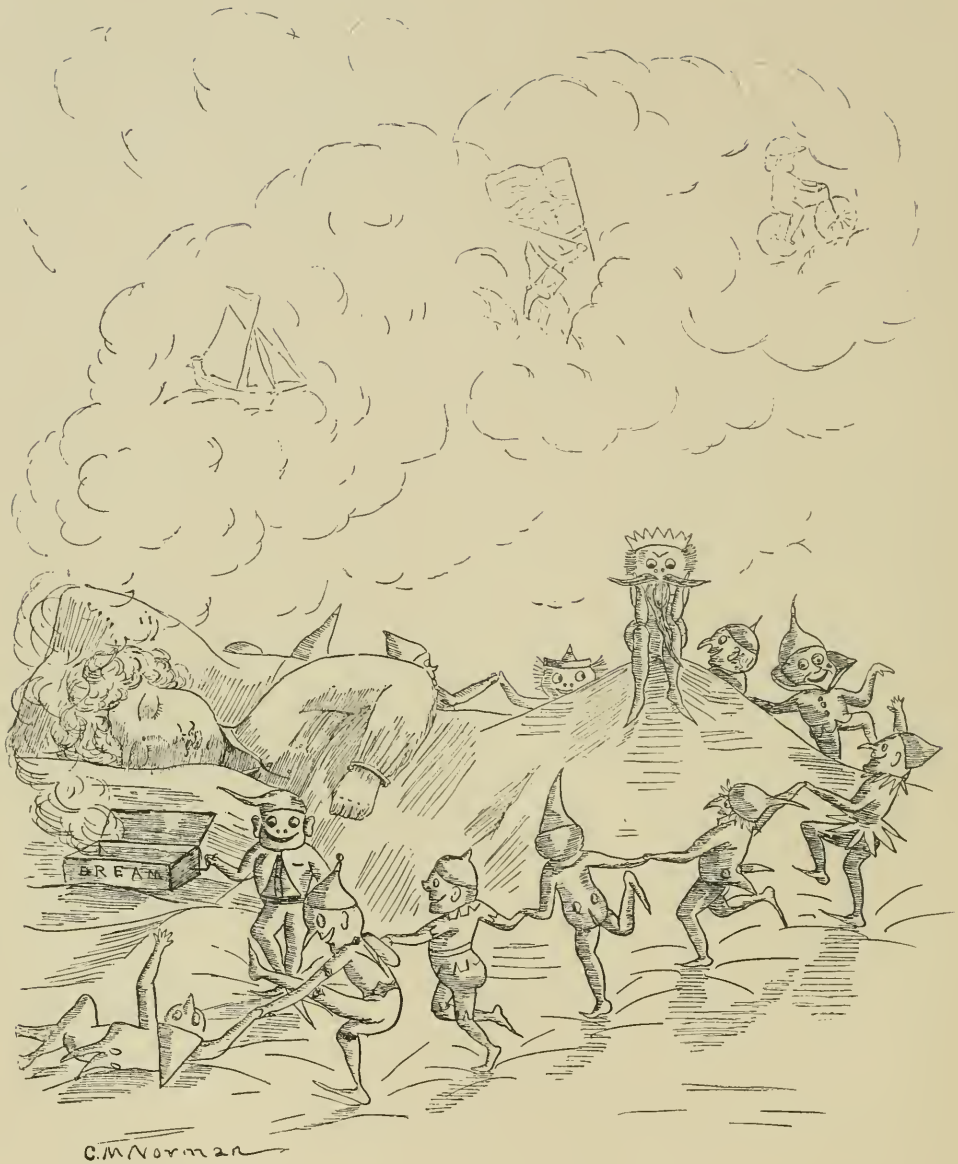


"And while you are sleeping they climb up and squat
In a row on the foot of your bed."

THE DREAM FAIRIES.

THE Fairies from Dreamland are queer little folks;
Quite different from all of the rest.
If you saw them you 'd laugh at their comical ways,
And you 'd smile just to see how they 're dressed;
For they wear any clothes they can possibly get,
Odd coats, vests, or what they can catch
When the wealthier Fairies throw old things away:
So, naturally, none of them match.

Then, dressed in this style, they arrive in the night,
When the stars keep their guard overhead;
And while you are sleeping, they climb up and squat
In a row on the foot of your bed.
They all sit cross-legged, and giggle and grin,
And eagerly wait for their King,
Who presently comes, with your dream in a box,
Tied up with an old knotted string.



"And while it is working, they dance."

He gently unfastens it, lifts off the lid,
And sets the dream out on the bed.
Then, after they've brushed it and dusted it off,
They place it up close to your head.
The King takes the key, and he winds up the dream;
And while it is working, they dance
With the King in the middle, "all hands around,"
Till the end of the beautiful trance.

Sometimes he has trouble untying the knots,
And tries to undo them too quick,
When of course he gets mad, throws the box on the floor,
And bursts in its sides with a kick.
Now the dream, though a pretty one when it was packed,
Is all dented or cracked, he will find.
Which has spoiled all its beauty, and therefore you'll have
A nightmare of horriblest kind.

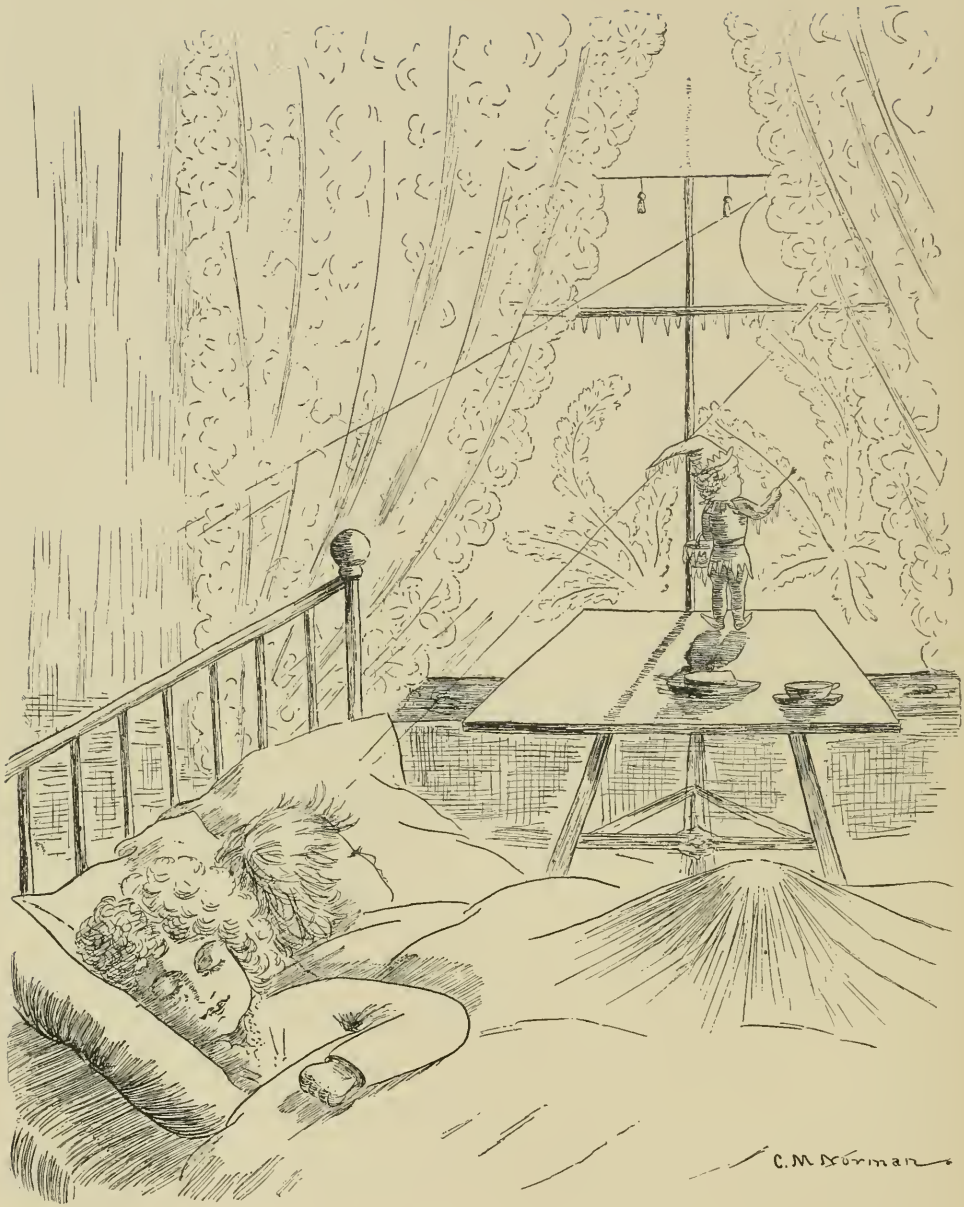
He ties it together, climbs up on the bed,
And props up the dream on your breast,
Then sits on your stomach, and he and the Gnomes
Await the outcome of the test.
They say not a word, but whenever you move
They look at each other and grin,
While the King, like a statue, keeps still and looks wise,
And strokes the long beard on his chin.

"For they scamper in forty directions at once
When they think you 're about to awake."

But if it should happen the dream was all smashed
Till nothing but fragments were found,
You will have such a nightmare you 'll holler out loud;
And my! don't the Gnomes hop around!
They tickle each other and wiggle their heads,
And a comical picture they make;
For they scamper in forty directions at once
When they think you 're about to awake.

Quite often it happens the box will contain
A mixture of several kinds;
And when it is opened they 're all in a muss,
So the King takes the first dream he finds,
While the Gnomes take the others, and all round your head
They are placed in a circular row;
But in cases like this there is no time to dance:
They must keep them all wound up, you know.

How funny it is when it happens like that!
One goblin will grind out his dreams,
But another commences before he leaves off,
And they both grind at once, till it seems
Like a queer panorama inside of your head
(For the rest are all grinding as well);
And if, the next morning, you 're asked what you dreamed,
You will find you 're too mixed up to tell.



"And they are such wonderful pictures, too,—
So skilfully carved and drawn!"

THE FROST FAIRY.

OF all of the Fairies the children know
And read about, day by day,
The Frost is the chap that they love to watch,
With his pictures so bright and gay.
They know if the weather is clear and cold
When they jump into bed at night:
In the morning the windows will sparkle and gleam
With his pictures of glistening white.

And they are such wonderful pictures, too,—
So skilfully carved and drawn!
How charming they look when they're all lit up
By the gray of the Wintry Dawn!
He never exhibits the same ones twice,
But thousands of weird designs
Are shown in his pictures of flowers and trees,
With their feathery sprays and lines.

"Taking pictures of waving grains,
That give him ideas for his shows next year."

You probably think, like lots of folks,
That this Fairy, so clever and queer,
Is only at work in the winter time,
And sleeps the rest of the year.
Ah, no! He is busy the whole year round,
Taking pictures of waving grains,
That give him ideas for his shows next year,
On your chamber window-panes.

He does other wonders as well as paint, —
For have you not seen the ground
Sparkle and shine in the morning light
Like diamonds scattered round?
This same little Fairy attends to that,
And oh! he has lots of fun
With his hundreds of sprites who help him work,
And this is the way it is done: —

The stars, as you know, don't shine all day,
But where do you think they're kept?
Well, they're taken to places beyond the sky,
And there they are dusted and swept.
Of course in the sweeping a dust is raised,
And this dust, which of course shines bright,
Is scattered around o'er the frozen ground
By the Frost, in the dead of night.

"They are taken to places beyond the sky,
And there they are dusted and swept."

If you treat this wonderful Fairy well,
He will do just the same by you;
But if you offend him, you never can tell
Just what he is apt to do.
He is liable either to pinch your ears,
Or nip all your fingers and toes;
And sometimes, if he gets *really mad*,
He will actually *bite your nose.*

THE MUSICAL SPRITES.

THE Musical Fairies are queer little sprites
Who teach Nature's children to sing.
Their lessons are held where the pupils abide,
And the classes are formed in a ring.
Some teach the young birds all their beautiful songs
In a school-room high up in the trees;
While a few show the chirp of the crickets and bugs,
Others teaching the hum of the bees.

In the bushes are teachers who spend all their time
Instructing young partridge and quails;
And a dozen young sprites teaching squirrels to squeak
Hold their classes on stone walls and rails.
There are school-rooms in barn-yards for chickens and ducks
(With departments for kittens and dogs),
While the frog-teacher drills his young singers all day
From a stump in the midst of the bogs.

"Thus, early and late are these teachers at work,
Each proud of his own special class."

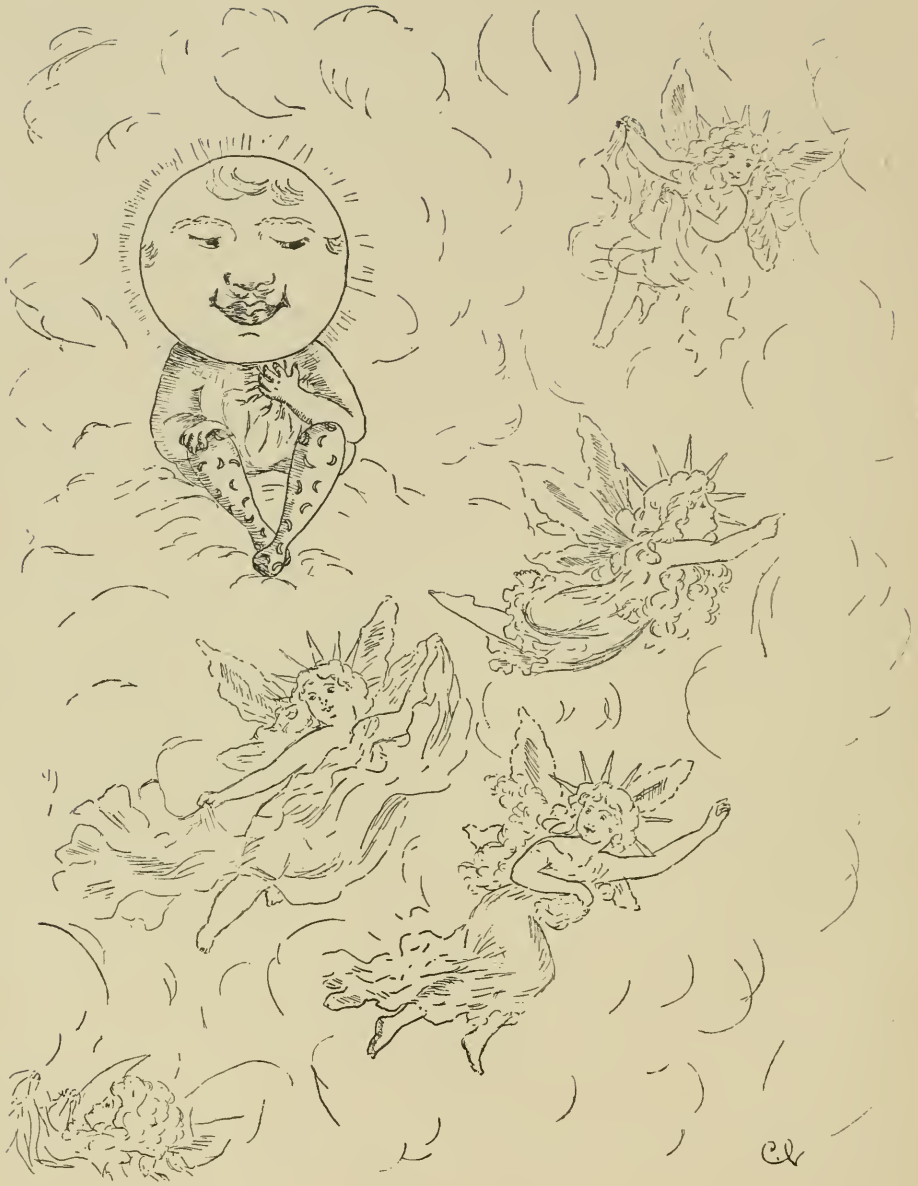
In the large open pastures some classes are found
That surely would cause you to laugh;
For the Fairies out there teach the bray of the mule
And the bleat of the lamb and the calf.
Little colts learn to neigh, baby pigs grunt and squeal,
While out in the woods every noon
The tree-toads and crows practise singing at sight
And the locust rehearses his tune.

Thus, early and late are these teachers at work,
Each proud of his own special class:
And the pupils enjoy it I know, for they have
No examinations to pass.
They all sing as loud or as long as they choose,
And the teacher is simply to see
That the chickens don't growl, or the bumble-bees bark,
Or the dogs try to buzz like a bee.

THE WEDDING OF "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

THERE'S a very common notion, which was long ago begun,
That a man lives in the Moon, and lives alone;
That he lights the Moon each night with matches borrowed from the Sun.
These are notions, but the facts will now be shown.
Some traditions make him aged; from the Earth he seems to smile;
Yet some say that he is weeping all the time:
But although he's full each month, he leads a steady, sober life,
For he was married when he reached that lonely clime.

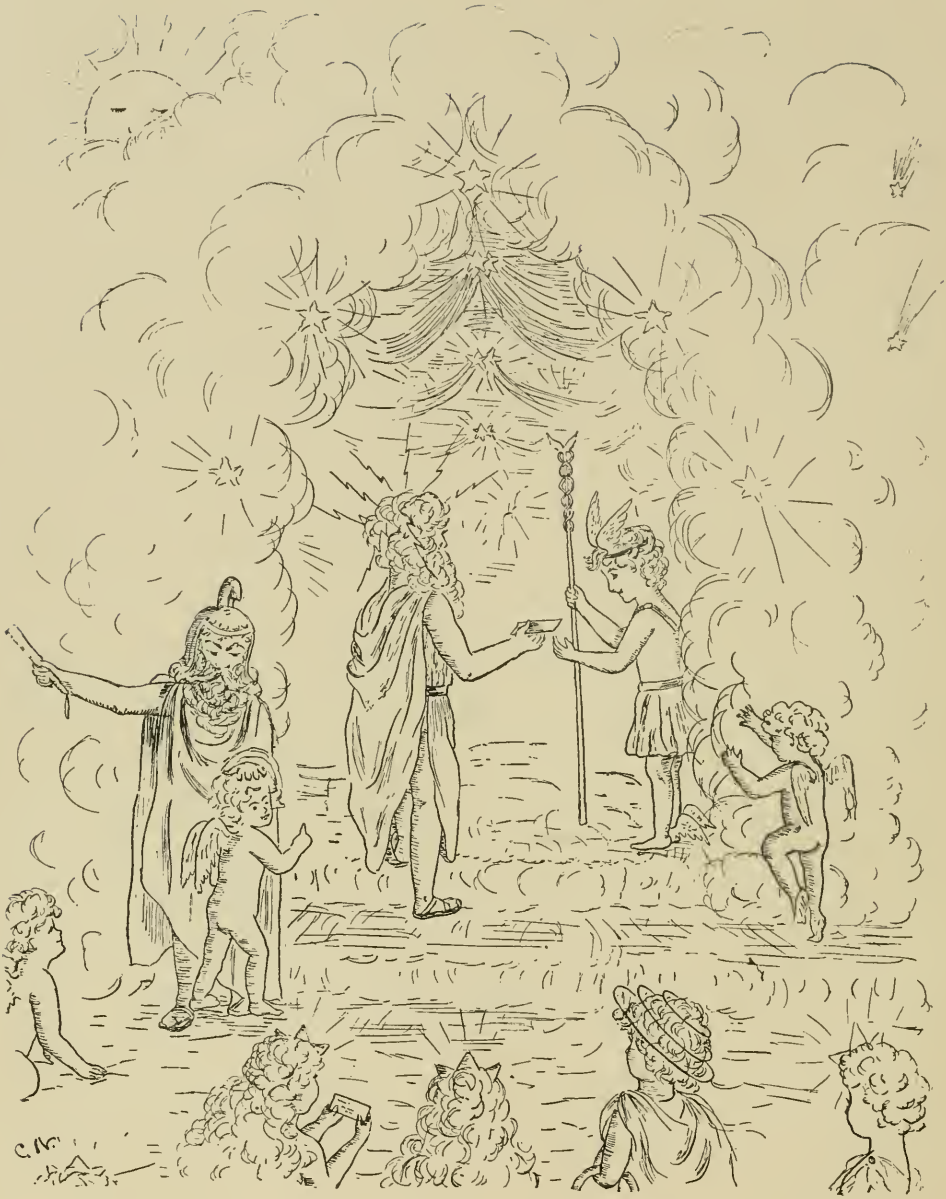
He was always rather partial to the little school-girl stars,
In his early youthful days with Mother Earth,
And would wink and smile bewitchingly each morning when they passed;
And when school was out at night, he joined their mirth.
There was one among their number, though, that seemed to win his heart,
So beautiful, so lovely, pure, and bright,
That he named her "Pretty Venus;" paid attentions thick and fast,
And he popped the question one bright August night.



"He was always rather partial to the little school-girl Stars."

When the wedding night was settled, and arrangements were complete,
Every star and planet got a card to go.
And they every one accepted, all except, of course, the Sun,
For he never stays out late at night you know.
Father Jupiter accepted; Saturn said he'd bring the ring;
Fierce old Mars would be policeman at the door;
Mercury would be the usher; so the groom was wild with joy,
And got fuller than he ever did before.

On that night, each star and planet donned their very best attire,
Their bright eyes twinkling in their boundless glee.
'T was a night when all were merry, from the old down to the young,
And they all joined in to have a grand old spree.
As the hour was approaching, crowds of guests came pouring in; —
Some were hours ahead of time and had to wait;
While a member who had stopped to prink, or waited for a friend,
Came on comets, or they'd got there much too late.



"Fierce old Mars would be policeman at the door."

They were married: and the bridegroom took his lovely blushing bride,
And a loving kiss imprinted on her lips;
And whene'er they do it now, as every little while they do,
Here on earth we call the action an "eclipse;"
Then the banquet lamps were lighted and the Heavens were ablaze,
While a marvellous feast was tendered to the crowds;
For a chair each used a moon-beam, and they made a wondrous sight
Round the table, which was laid upon the clouds.

When the wedding feast was done, congratulations came in stacks;
While the wind played glorious music for the dance;
Brother Thunder did the prompting in the lancers and quadrilles,
And the Lightning lit the hall up like a trance.
'T was a long time after midnight when the merry-making ceased,
And the guests each took a small prismatic spray
Of Aurora Borealis, as a present from the groom,
To light their passage down the "Milky Way."

SANTA CLAUS' ASSISTANTS.

DID you ever wonder, children dear,
How Santa always knows
Just what to bring you Christmas Eve?
Did you for once suppose
He comes around throughout the year
To watch the girls and boys
And find out what they want the most
In the way of dolls and toys?

Ah, no indeed! Old Santa is
A very busy elf,
And has no time to go around
And find out for himself;
And so he sends his son — what 's that?
You think that is n't true?
Oh, yes! He has a little son,
And a little daughter too!

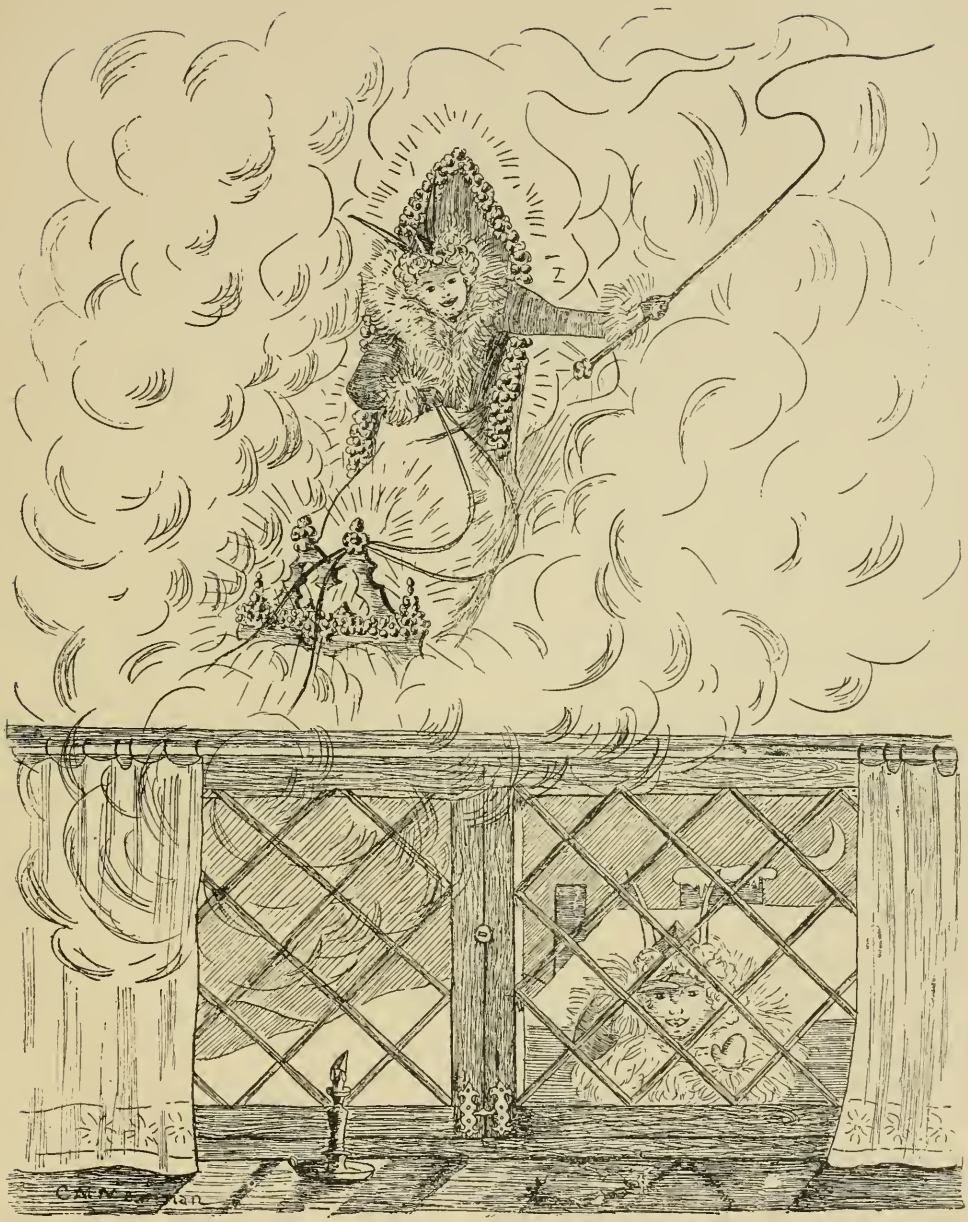
This little son, when Christmas time
Draws nearer, day by day,
Goes driving all around the world
In a tiny golden sleigh.
'T is drawn by twenty wee white mice;
And, scampering o'er the ground,
They stop at every chamber where
A good boy 's to be found.

"And tells what toys those boys have got,
And what he thinks they need."

And then young Santie skips about
And peeps in every nook
Where toys are kept; and scans them all,
Each top, ball, bat, or book;
Examines all the sleds and skates,
And when one's worn or old
He writes it down on a crystal slate
With a pencil made of gold.

Then back he drives to Santa Claus
At the greatest rate of speed,
And tells what toys these boys have got
And what he thinks they need.
So Santa's workmen make the things,
And pack them in his sleigh,
All ready for his midnight ride
On the eve of Christmas Day.

But Santa's daughter! My! oh, my!
How she does travel round!
From north to south or east to west,
Where good little girls are found.
Her sleigh is made of glistening frost,
And whew! How she does go!
For she drives a hundred whirling flakes
Of the purest, whitest snow.



"Her sleigh is made of glistening frost."

She visits rooms of little girls,
And hunts around to see
If she 'd better order another doll
To hang on the Christmas-tree.
She rummages through the bureau drawers,
The closets, and everywhere,
To see what things like gloves and lace,
Or trinkets, are needed there.

So, children, bear this fact in mind,
That Santa Claus has spies
Who watch you all, throughout the year,
With sharp, all-seeing eyes;
And if you 're naughty, those who drive
The snowflakes and the mice
Will simply peep inside your room
And scoot off in a trice!

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